

4me 4me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76491946) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76491946>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Characters , Montreal Voyageurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-26 Words: 2,194 Chapters: 1/1

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by [tohoz](#)

Summary

Shane tears his ACL and someone that looks a whole lot like Ilya Rozanov is spotted smoking a cigarette in the hospital parking lot.

Notes

Written while listening to 4Me 4Me by Malcolm Todd

"Next time we're against them, I am smashing both his fucking knees." J.J. seethes, lightly squeezing Shane's shoulder from where he is towering over the hospital bed.

Several of the other visitors, all members of the Montreal Voyageurs, voice their enthusiastic agreement, all sounding like they're genuinely out for blood. Shane briefly thinks about shutting it down, but he cannot deny he'd woken up just about as pissed as they are right now.

At the foot of the bed, Hayden looks somewhere between crushed and enraged while he adjusts and then readjusts the strap fixed around the back of Shane's foot, keeping his leg elevated.

"This good Shane?" He asks, Shane couldn't possibly hear him over the growing volume in the tiny hospital room, well beyond capacity, but does his best to read his lips.

Shane nods, to be honest it was fine before he adjusted it, better even, but Shane doesn't have the heart or energy to be ungrateful right now.

The doctors had assured his parents that the surgery had gone well, that Shane would make a full recovery and be back on the ice again. But it wouldn't be for at least 6 months, and that stung.

He's surrounded by the men he wanted to win the Stanley Cup with, the men he was supposed to be leading into their next victories. But Shane doesn't feel happy about the company at all.

The heaviness of his heart has just kept growing since he woke up. It felt like it would pull him under, down through the bed, straight through the floor and drown him.

6 months sounded like an eternity, an eternity of his knee being useless and Shane completely worthless to his team. He swallows thickly and is secretly grateful no one is paying him any attention at the moment.

The door to the room slides open for what feels like the millionth time that afternoon, but Shane doesn't even look up, eyes bleary as he gazes at his stupid fucking knee. With his stupid fucking ACL tear.

"Why the fuck would Rozanov be here?" Comeau sounds incredulous, eyebrows bunching together in clear confusion.

Drapeau looks just as confused. "Ilya Rozanov?" He clarifies, as if they knew a single other person with that last name.

"Rozanov is here?" Shane asks, pulled out of his spiralling thoughts by his embarrassingly thumping heart.

Maxime Letourneau shrugs. "I just saw a guy that looked exactly like Rozanov smoking a cigarette by the parking lot." He explains, pushing and shoving his way through the jungle of men crowding the room.

Shane prays he doesn't look as flustered as he feels at the mere mention of Rozanov, practically holding his breath as Maxime smooths his bangs away from his face and gives him the loudest kiss in the universe, right on his forehead.

"Careful you don't leave a hickey, Max!" J.J. crows, and no one seems to care about the curious case of Maybe Ilya Rozanov smoking a cigarette in Montreal, a day after his game in Ottawa.

Maxime flashes a gigantic grin at J.J. then redirects it to Shane, and god here it comes...

"Oh no! Our *petit capitaine*! What shall we do without you, our poor guardian angel will be stuck here, watching us lose every single match because our dear little one is gone-"

The room grows far more raucous than it already was, the team babbling about poor little Shane in a cacophony of English and French, but Shane couldn't be further away.

Digging his phone out from under his hip somewhere, he hurriedly unlocks it and scrolls down to L in his contacts.

Jane: Are you in Montreal?

Shane's pulse quickens, his breathing right along with it. What does he do if Ilya is actually here? Why would he be in Montreal? Shane knew Ilya hadn't gotten hurt during his own game, and even if he had, this hospital wasn't anything special, any treatment done here could be done in Ottawa.

"Shane?" Hayden asks, wagging his fingers right in front of his eyes. Shane felt his stomach clench with nerves, if Ilya really is here, could it really be for Shane? Because he was worried?

The thought alone almost makes him dizzy. Fuck, this was so fucked up.

"Sorry Hayd, I'm not feeling super well right now." At least he manages a full sentence and from the expression on Haydens face, he believes him. He probably looks insane and slightly queasy.

"Shit sorry Shane, and here we all are having a blast." He quickly turns away, addressing the gaggle of knuckleheads in the room. "Hey, boys, we gotta wrap it up, Captain's not feeling well." His voice cuts through the noise the room, Hayden twirling one of his fingers high enough for everyone to see.

"Oh no my baby!" Letourneau bemoans, as he begins helping Hayden wrangle the rest of the visitors out the door. Shane feels a tiny bit bad, because Maxime had practically just arrived, but he knows he has to act quickly if it really was Ilya down there.

Jane: I told everyone I didn't feel good and wanted to rest. Come back?

He doesn't care if it reads as desperate, he kind of hopes that it does, if that gets Ilya up here right now. With every passing moment his conviction grows, who in Canada looks like Ilya Rozanov?

Lily: What do you mean come back? I don't know where you are Jane.

A reply finally comes through, and it makes Shane absolutely certain.

Jane: Please. I'm in room ~~xxx~~. Everyone left already.

If the desperation wasn't clear before, it sure as hell is now. For a second, panic grips him, what if someone sees Ilya enter the hospital, what if they put two and two together. But it's too late, and Shane feels like shit, surely he deserves to push Rozanov a little bit.

A reply never comes. Shane gazes at the tired expression reflecting back at him for a moment longer before he places his phone on the nightstand next to his hospital bed. His fingertips linger on the screen, and he feels stupid.

Maybe Maxime was wrong and it really hadn't been Ilya Rozanov inhaling toxic fumes instead of texting Shane that he was here to visit him.

The thought has barely faded before the door slides open and is carefully closed once more. Shane fully expects it to be a nurse, maybe one of the boys let someone know that Shane hadn't been looking too good when they left.

Flushed, nauseous, strung out.

But when he looks over, oh, that is a welcome sight. There he was, just inside the door and removing his black cap, letting his curls fall where they will, one curling adorably over his forehead.

Shane sucks in a breath, but his lungs might as well have been for show for all the good that it does. Ilya Rozanov is in Montreal, because Shane Hollander had been bashed into the boards and torn his ACL.

"Hey" Shane croaks, and immediately flushes from the sound of his own voice. He busies himself with having a cautious sip of water while Ilya shuffles over to his bedside. If he chokes on this drink, he will be jumping out the window, fucked knee or not.

"Hi," Ilya offers in return, settling in the obnoxiously teal coloured chair provided by the hospital. It creaks, as if to underline how heavy and awkward the silence in the room is. "You okay?" Ilya asks after a time.

He is uncharacteristically quiet, and Shane finally gathers the nerve to shoot him a glance. He finds a surprising amount of worry in those hazel eyes he spends an awful amount of time reminiscing about. "I'm okay." Shane assures, voice soft and expression probably as mushy as his chest feels.

A large and warm hand finds his thigh over the sheets, Shane maintains eye contact because this feels fragile. This feels a lot like if he even peeks at that hand, it will disappear. The weight of his misery seems to lighten immediately, but Shane refuses to let that thought linger.

"It hurt like a bitch though." He says instead, and that gets the tiniest huff of a laugh out of Ilya, his lips twisting in a wry smile as he gives Shane's thigh a squeeze.

"You are very talented Hollander," Ilya begins, and that awfully familiar twinkle in his eye has made its return. "One body check and you are in hospital."

Shane's thigh flexes under Ilya's hand, "Fuck you Rozanov." He hisses, probably for the millionth time in their lives. And that's a weird feeling, that type of familiarity while a thumb moves in broad strokes over the inside of Shane's thigh.

Even with the layers of sheets and pants between them, his skin prickles with nerves.

"When will you be back?"

"With the physical therapy, they're saying 6 months."

"6 months?!" Ilya swears in Russian. "Why they are useless at their job?"

"That's actually pretty fast for this type of injury, it can take up to a year for p-"

"A year?!" Ilya practically roars, squeezing Shane's thigh a little too tight for a little too long. Shane winces a little as he shushes Ilya. "Chill, we're in a hospital you dumbass."

"You are dumb ass Hollander, for getting injury." He sounds genuinely frustrated even as he pets Shane's thigh in what he interprets as the closest thing he'll get to an apology.

Shane laughs a little at himself, at what he's about to say. "Why are you laughing Hollander?" Ilya snaps, "You think long break is funny?" his expression tightening.

"Are you going to miss me Rozanov?" He goads, letting his head fall back on his pillow to hide the small glimmer of hope he's sure is present in his eyes. *Please say yes-*

"Yes. Of course." Ilya bursts out, and when Shane looks at him in complete shock, Rozanov looks a little wild. "Is fucking boring if I am not winning over you." And they both know he means every word.

It's so genuine that it tears a laugh from Shane, his nose crinkling with mirth and Ilya leans in a little closer. But if you ever asked him, he'd deny it was because he was transfixed by the universe dancing across Shane's nose and cheeks. "Is not funny!" He insists, though he can feel the corners of his own mouth going up.

"You can be the best player in the entire league for 6 months. A special favour from me."

Shane barely has a moment to react before Ilya is halfway out of his seat, and it feels as electric as every first kiss that they share, Ilya's lips suddenly on Shane's and in that moment no one in the room is scared of coming off as desperate. Honestly, they probably both are.

The kiss is hot and wet, Ilya pressing his tongue to the roof of Shane's mouth and running it along every little ridge and ripple he can find. He knows it gets to Shane, makes him suck at his tongue and grab the shirt fabric at his shoulders, but never haul him in.

Proper little Shane Hollander. Ilya leans in further, rising all the way out of his seat, putting pressure on Shane's thigh and wondering if he'd tell him off for sliding his hand up higher.

Shane lets up the suction on Ilya's tongue to hum with pleasure, the sound pleasing Ilya in a way he does not want to examine right now. So he kisses Shane softly on the lips and sits back down, proud of the blissed out expression that he is sure is mirrored on his own face.

"I am already best player in the NHL." Ilya says with some finality and Shane rolls his eyes so hard it almost hurt. "But now, no competition for me." He sounds terribly put upon but it all feels an awful lot like this might be their way of flirting.

"You make it sound like there are no good teams in the NHL. Montreal will still give you a run for your money."

"Yes, yes, competition for Boston. But no competition for me." He insists, finger tapping Shane's leg like the conversation is agitating him.

"Scott is-" Shane barely gets the words out before he is interrupted by an awfully dramatic sigh. "Hollander," Ilya starts, his eyes briefly gazing at the ceiling like he can barely contain his agitation.

"You are my only competition." He finally says, eyes meeting Shane's once again and the smolder in them is undeniable.

Shane squirms under his gaze, his good leg sliding further towards Ilya without his consent or acknowledgement. Ilya's hand does exactly what it's wanted since he arrived, traveling up and in until it rests on his sensitive inner thigh.

"*Only* you." He emphasises. And *oh*, if Shane didn't have the wherewithal to remember they're in a hospital room, he would pull Ilya up and over him right this moment.

The smirk on Ilya's face tells him that his expression is being read like a book.

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